

November, 1934

The Liguorian



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AMONGST OURSELVES

Mr. Philip Kingsley, staff correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, writing in a recent issue, says: "Scientists have a disciplined method of thinking, and they have rendered futile and illogical all the old personifications of God which regard him as a separate being controlling the universe which he created in seven days."

So what? Here's the answer: Take the Bible, all books of theology and religion, all Catholic newspapers, magazines and pamphlets, burn them in the public square, and then go to school to the Chicago Tribune, the World's Greatest Newspaper. — Or perhaps the intelligent men and women amongst us would prefer the simpler and wiser method of doing without the Chicago Tribune.

"Barnum bunkum," says the Louisville Record, "is bad enough, but this so-called 'scientific' bunkum is the worst of all!" And incidentally, gives the long and the short of the reasons for Catholic newspapers and magazines.

* * *

Here's a letter written to a Florida editor, as quoted by the Catholic Laymen's Bulletin of Georgia: "Please send me a few copies of the paper containing the obituary of my aunt, also publish the enclosed clipping on the marriage of my niece and I wish you would mention in your local column, if it doesn't cost anything, that I have two bull calves for sale. As my subscription is out, please stop the paper, as times are too hard to waste money on newspapers."

✱

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THE LIGURIAN has procured a supply of artistic, Catholic, Liturgical Calendars for the New Year. They have the usual number of excellent copies of masterpieces in painting, many points of information needed in the daily life of Catholics, and a summary of Catholic doctrine. Orders should be sent in early. The Calendars are priced at 40 cents each, 3 for \$1.00.

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of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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No. 11

OUT OF THE DEPTHS

Be merciful, dear Lord,
I cry to Thee.
Hear Thou my suppliant prayer!
Remember me!

Thy Judgments Lord, are just.
Unworthy I
To see Thy Face,—yet, mercy!
God most High.

Oh Love, I long for Thee!
Tremendous Loss!
Burn fiercer yet, ye fires,
Purge quick the dross.

My straining soul would burst
This flaming ward,
And eagle-winged would beat
Its way to God.

Yet if thou bearest still
The leper's blight,
Oh soul, be fiercely purged,
Till beauteous light

Hath vested thee complete.—
Then, happy be!
Eternal Rest, dear Lord,
With Thee, With Thee.

R. J. Hearn, C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey

LED BY A CHILD

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

The baby girl lay fighting death. The specialist and the priest waited. There was nothing to do but wait.

"Teddy-Bears have been crowded off the map, it seems, and another play-toy has been invented for the kiddies," the doctor observed. "See how the baby hugs it."

Father Casey raised his eyebrows ever so slightly; he had not known that his companion, so learned regarding perishable bodies, was so ignorant in all that pertains to immortal souls.

"That," he told him, "is the Divine Infant."

"Well, it is an improvement on these monstrosities in rags and sawdust they call Teddy-Bears, if you ask me. The world does move!"

"Dr. Beal! While the life of this child hangs by such a slender thread, and none but God can save her, is it the time or place to blaspheme Him?"

"What the ——! Say, Father Casey, you people are the limit. One never knows when he is going to come smack down on one of your corns — they grow in the funniest places. If I have offended, of course I beg pardon. Nothing was further from my mind than to say anything derogatory to your religion. If I am not a Christian, at least I try to be a gentleman. But say, Father Casey, just to enlighten my ignorance, how the Sam Hill did my comparison of two kinds of dolls work out into a blasphemy?"

"You compared a representation of Jesus Christ, with a Teddy-Bear."

"Oh, now — now I see! — But look here, that is not what you called that — that representation a few moments ago."

"I said the Divine Infant."

"Divine Infant, I see, I see. I wasn't really paying attention — thought it was a name of the concern that turned it out or something. — But now, you'll admit that in the mind of this poor baby, there is no difference between a Teddy Bear and that thing she has now."

"I'll admit nothing of the kind. Teddy Bears and dolls are to play with, the image of the Child Jesus is to venerate."

"That baby is only four years old. She cannot make those nice theological distinctions. She doesn't even know the meaning of the words."

"She doesn't know the words, but she does know the facts. In a genuine Catholic family a baby of four has already learned more sound theology from its mother than many so-called scientists learn in a life time. All morning she was playing with her dolls and toys, but when this sudden attack seized her, she did not think any more about them but insisted her Divine Infant be taken out of the crib and given her to hold — just as she is holding it now against her poor little burning cheek."

"Crib? What do you mean, crib?"

"There in the nursery play-room, see the snow-covered stable, the angels singing 'Gloria in excelsis Deo', the shepherds listening to them and hurrying down to the stable, inside the ox and the ass, Mary kneeling beside the manger, and St. Joseph standing reverently by. The Divine Child was in the manger until she took sick; then they had to lift it out and give it to her."

"So that's the crib — and all the lights and decorations? Were they having a party or something?"

"Party, no, simply celebrating Christmas."

"That's a fact, today is Christmas, isn't it? Had quite slipped my mind. Been hard worked lately, slept all morning until this hurry-up call came from my old friend saying his little daughter was stricken."

"That is all Christmas means to you? I'm sorry for you, Doctor."

"I'll be frank with you Father Casey, I'm rather sorry for myself. Most people seem so happy Christmas, even those that haven't much to be happy about. Sort of leaves me out in the cold. If there was any reason for feeling so good — for being just so brimful of happiness that one can't hold it, but must go around sharing it with everybody else — as I say, if there was any reason for all this ebullition, I might get in on it too."

"Don't you really know why Christians are so happy on Christmas Day?"

"Oh, the kiddies, of course, get all kinds of toys. But grown-ups — why they should feel so all-fired hilarious as if every man-jack of them had just fallen heir to a million dollars, is inexplicable to me."

"Surely, Doctor, you know Christmas is the day Christ was born!"

"Yes, yes, that is Christmas, isn't it? You know I get that all mixed up with Easter. Yes, now I remember, that is one of the ways they explain the origin of Christmas."

"It is not one of the ways they explain Christmas, it is Christmas. The Son of God was born into the world on Christmas day, and, necessarily, all the world rejoices."

"Father Casey, that does not make the puzzle one bit clearer to me. I never went in for religion, even as a kid; from the time I entered the university, I gave all that I had to medicine, and forgot all I knew about religion, if I ever knew anything. Tell me, Father," there was a wistful note in his voice, "just what this Christmas business all means."

"Gladly, Doctor, but I don't know where to begin. I don't know how much you already believe."

"Begin at the beginning, Father. I don't believe a thing. How could I, since all my professors kept harping on the solitary chord: religion is for the ignorant, not for men of science."

The priest began:

"There is a God. He is infinite, limitless in power, in wisdom, in beauty, in goodness. He exists of Himself, independent of anything outside Himself, for all eternity. Whatever else exists, exists by Him, had its beginning from Him. He made the world. He made men free, intelligent beings capable of knowing and loving infinite Beauty and infinite Goodness, and placed them in the world to rule and enjoy it. It was His intention that they should use their intelligence and free will for the high purpose for which they had been given, namely to know and love Him in this world, then He would take them to heaven to be happy with Him forever more. I wonder whether you understand me, Doctor?"

"Go on, Father, I understand — at least the words."

"This was a marvellous gift conferred on men by God. It was fitting they should acknowledge their debt and their gratitude. God gave them a chance. They failed. They disobeyed. They hearkened to the voice of a rebel angel rather than to the voice of God. Instead of acknowledging their place as creatures, they aspired to be in some way the equals of their creator — to be like God. By their pride and disobedience they forfeited for themselves and their posterity their rights to heaven and their privileges on earth. They rebelled against their divine Lord and Master; the world of which they had been made

lords and masters, rebelled against them. They were doomed during life to eat their bread in the sweat of their brow, struggling against heat and cold, against hunger and thirst, against flood and wind and lightning, against beasts and serpents, against the treachery and greed of one another. Of themselves they could never make adequate amends for their high treason against infinite Goodness and Holiness. They were hopeless — no hope of true happiness during their brief sojourn in this world, no hope at all of happiness in the next."

"A sombre picture," said the Doctor. "I am not up on the next world, but I have been battered about enough to testify that the picture is true to life in this world."

"Yes, for those who have not learned to profit by the Redemption," the priest amended.

"What do you mean by Redemption?"

"I mean Christmas and all that Christmas connotes. God saw the sad condition in which men had placed themselves by their rebellion. God — is — love. God decided to lift men up to the high estate from which they had fallen. But God is Justice. Reparation must be made for men's high treason. Infinite Love found a way of satisfying infinite Justice. We cannot understand how love could go so far because our little minds can never comprehend infinite Love. This is the marvelous thing God decided to do: He decided to become man, to be born of a woman like one of us. Without ceasing to be God He would become man. Thus, as man, He could represent us in making satisfaction for our sin; as God, He could give to that satisfaction infinite value. It would be more than sufficient to pay men's debt, it would reopen heaven to men, it would teach them the secret and give them the strength to be happy even amid the sufferings and sorrows of this brief life. That is what God decided to do, promised to do. Imagine how man looked forward to the fulfillment of this promise. Centuries passed; thousands of years passed; unceasingly the cry went up from earth to heaven: 'O come, O come, Emmanuel and ransom captive Israel. From depths of hell Thy people save, and give them victory o'er the grave.' At last the hour struck. The prophecies were fulfilled. A virgin conceived and bore a Son and called His name, Jesus. She wrapped Him in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger for there was no room for them in the inns of Bethlehem. 'And there were in that same country shepherds watching, and keeping the night

watches over their flock. And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round about them; and they feared with a great fear. And the angel said to them: Fear not; for behold, I bring you tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people: for this day, is born to you a Savior, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. . . . And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God and saying: Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will.' God had come down to earth; He had taken the nature of man that He might be our Brother in the flesh, that He might walk with us and win our love, that He might die on the Cross, redeem and save us. God made man was born. Love conquered justice. That is Christmas. A baby Brother is born to each one of us — and He is God. That is why men, women and children, rich and poor, the sick and the well, prince and peasant, are so full of joy on Christmas that they cannot restrain it. It tingles through their veins like an electric shock; it carries them on its waves like a rushing torrent. You said they act as though each one had fallen heir to a million dollars. Each one has fallen heir to a million times a million dollars — each one has become joint-heir with Christ, Who is the maker of all the riches of heaven and earth. Do not wonder that we are happy on Christmas; how could we be otherwise?"

* * *

Doctor Beal laid a light finger on the pulse of the sleeping child while the priest awaited the verdict in suspense. The little patient opened her eyes, fumbled a moment — "My baby Jesus," — found what she sought, pressed the statue of the Infant to her breast, and smiled into the doctor's eyes.

"Thank God!" he almost shouted — did the agnostic know that he was saying a prayer? — "she is safe!"

"You doubted her grasp of theological distinctions," the priest reminded him, "ask her."

"You are better now, aren't you, sweetheart?" Dr. Beal said. Then:

"What day is it today?"

"Christmas."

"What happened on Christmas?"

"God was born."

"Why?"

"Because He loved us so." And she hugged her Baby Jesus and fell asleep.

Behind the Lines

THE INSIDE STORY OF A GREAT GAME

E. A. MANGAN, C.Ss.R.

St. Mary's football team was again a thundering herd. The silent and breathless wishes and desires of its supporters passed quickly into ardent hopes and hopes in turn became a practical certainty as Texas, Algonquin, Minnosa, Tech and Southern Calif., in turn fell bruised and battered after valiant but hopelessly ineffectual efforts to throw back the light cavalry thrusts, the wing sweeps, the phalanx marches and the concerted avalanche charges all mixed together into the bewildering attack with which the Micks backed up and punctured their stonewall defense. Truly once more the Micks were gloriously flaunting St. Mary's colors in all parts of the football world. They were confidently scaling the dizzy heights after having swung out of the wilderness of confusion just a year ago.

This phenomenal about-face followed the appointment of Mike Frawley as head coach. A decade ago Mike Frawley, one of the dauntless four cavalry men, had ridden rough shod through fierce football wars for old St. Mary's and now after the short space of a year and a half he was feared as his own mentor the immortal Eric had been feared.

Eric had had his mules and his horsemen. Mike, according to reports, had his ruthless horde. It was a kind of an open secret however that the horde was a horde because of the superhuman playing of one George Joseph Melkey. George stood five feet eleven inches in his stockings. He was one hundred and ninety pounds of concentrated human dynamite. He could drive, claw or mole his way through the center of the strongest line. He swept around ends as a veritable hurricane. He executed the famous old off tackle play with such speed and accuracy that he was often in the open before the defending team could find him and when in the open he was a flying, jumping, twisting dervish that time and again made the best tacklers in the country fan at thin air, lunge at passing shadows and fall disgustedly grunting as their middles met the cold, gray surface of the gridiron. His passes sped far and accurately to their destination as arrows from a strong, true bow and sages often remarked that his kicking was as good as Brick-

ley's or Gipp's or O'Day's, the drop-kicking gods of yester year. Barring unforeseen accidents, Melkey would be a unanimous choice for any position in the back field on the mythical All-American. Those who knew this half open secret of the conditions of things at St. Mary's wondered just how they would do without the inspired playing of old Melk. This was his last year. What a player he had been!

Strange to relate, his prowess on the football field had not hurt George's head. He was still the frank and gay and unassuming old Melk. But he had grown up. Three years' training at St. Mary's had matured and steadied his natural qualities of frankness and courage into the rare virtues of sincerity and dogged, persevering adherence to principle. George's word was his bond. Father Mallory's advice to curb his proneness to anger—a glaring fault three years ago—by constant vigilance and by frequent close association with Our Lord in Holy Communion, had been faithfully followed by George and the results were beginning to be remarkable.

The results were so remarkable that Patricia (Patsy) Graham was almost beginning to fear for herself. She was in love with George and he with her. She had the ring already and their engagement, secret as yet, was to be announced after the Putt game which was now in the offing. She was beginning almost to worship him, almost to fear his goodness. Was she at the same time curbing her somewhat apparent tendency to meanness and jealousy? If she had only asked George he would have told her this mean trait was hardly ever apparent any more; that her brave efforts had been his inspiration. If she had only known, she, her own pretty self, was his greatest inspiration in all things, after of course, his religious principles. She was, and George knew it if she did not.

The tense atmosphere that prevails before the big game of an important year was perceptible around St. Mary's. The campus was strangely quiet during the first part of the week. Putt was strong, stronger than last year when they had claimed the national championship without much of a protest from any quarter. In spite of old Melk's efforts last year—he was easily the star of the hectic game—Putt had defeated the Micks, thirteen to six. The six points had been garnered because George had booted two kicks over the cross bars from unheard of distances. But still this was a different year. St. Mary's hoped against hope for the decision. Old Melk would push across a winner.

Strangely, old Melk didn't feel so good about the game. If only something didn't happen between himself and Patsy. Try as he would to throw off the feeling, he seemed to sense the approach of a rupture. He called her at her office on Thursday and then laughed at himself for being so superstitious. She was as usual during that short conversation — short for them — and then at the end she felt that something was wrong with George.

"What is the matter, my dear?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing," he answered evasively.

Then there were a few more snatched and broken sentences and they both hung up and Pat felt strange.

Next evening she called him and begged him for the third time to forget training for just an hour and take her to the dance. Of course he indignantly refused, almost became angry with her.

"I'll be in bed at nine or nine thirty," he said, "I can't afford to forego any sleep tonight; you ought not tempt me, Pat."

His tone showed how nervous he was getting. Patsy laughed off her chagrin and tried to calm him. She did so want to go to the dance, however, that she decided to go alone. She wouldn't think of going with any one.

At the dance it happened. Surprise, indignation, hurt pride, the old jealousy flamed up in the heart of Patsy when just at nine thirty, as she was about to fling off with Jack Cassidy for her second dance — she wasn't enjoying it very much without George — she saw George march boldly and grandly into the lobby with — huh, who was it? Some new girl Pat had never seen before. She was the prettiest thing Patsy had ever seen; she had to admit that. All Patsy's resolution went skying. So this was her hero! What a friend! She hated the word but she deliberately said to herself that he was a two-timer. Gee, she is pretty! What glorious red hair! Who can she be? Where did she come from?

All these jumbled thoughts raced madly through her brain as she danced half-heartedly with Jack. She wasn't thinking of the dance at all. Several times she made Jack grimace painfully as her sharp heels bored into his toes. He was more than glad when she called off the dance.

Meanwhile George had been introducing his companion to all who happened to be near at the time. Patsy made straight for them. George saw her and his whole face lighted up with his famous smile. Hers

was sickly in comparison. For the moment, George was apart as the new girl became the center of a lively crowd, and Patsy went straight to him, opening her little hand-bag as she came. Out came the ring George had given her — she never wore it at this sort of a public gathering — and she extended it to him.

"Here, old timer," she said, "I almost said two-timer and maybe that is what I mean. I thought you were to be in bed by nine thirty at the latest."

George looked first at her and then at the ring and as he began to understand he flared out without thinking: "Oh heck, if that is the way you feel, go to grass. I thought you'd wait till I explained and —"

But she interrupted: "There is nothing to explain. Here, take your ring; you may need it soon." And her smile was like ice.

George could not suppress the mocking leer he seldom used.

"Boy oh boy! What a — oh well, as long as I am here I guess I'll stay awhile with Lorry; that's her name, Patsy, Lorraine Frawley. Does that mean anything to you?"

"Lorraine Fraw — oh what do I care? I guess I'll be going," and she swirled away.

George made an involuntary motion to follow her and then checked himself. A great effort and he grinned at the ring.

"Hello little thing," he murmured, "here you are and here am I. Now what to do? Oh heck, this is a nice dance. I'll stay awhile. I'm all tied in a knot. I need to loosen up. I'll stay a while; the coach will understand better than Patsy did."

And he stayed until ten thirty.

Saturday came. George was sleepy. And the dance had not made him that way. Why had he sky-rocketed when Patsy had flamed up? She was too sweet to lose.

Patsy was also sleepy. And again it was not because of the dance. There were traces of tears in her eyes. What was there in life now without George? She didn't know whether she would even go to this game for which she had been waiting a life time.

Even the coach was a little sleepy. And surely that was not on account of the dance. He hadn't been there. He had retired early but sleep had been fitful. This game meant so much. It spelled success or failure for the year, failure that is, to reach the coveted goal.

The team was jumpy as soon as it became apparent to them that old

George was not himself. He surely was off stride. This was apparent to Mike Frawley and to the team after ten minutes of play. He made two beautiful gains, but he was dreamy, absorbed in something besides football.

The crowd began to sense that something was wrong. For the whole first quarter they shouted and howled for George. Forty thousand throats screamed "Old George," "Melkey," "Melk" time and again until he had twice failed to back up the line with one of his famous tackles, had bungled a pass from center and had dropped a punt.

Meanwhile Putt had steadily ripped and torn at St. Mary's line. Putt was ready now. After two exchanges of punts in the second quarter, they drove and passed their way to a touchdown, the first score of the game. The point after the touchdown came as a matter of course. Few men in the country could placekick like Conlin, Putt's left half.

Seven minutes left to play in the first half. St. Mary's gained a scant four yards on two plays. Back against the wall, on their own twenty-two, they elected to punt on the third down. George was once more called on. The crowd, in grim silence, were waiting for him to find himself. Surely he would.

The ball sailed back to him. A perfect pass! He seemed surprised, dropped the ball, picked it up and kicked a puny punt to his own thirty-five.

Mike Frawley never humiliated his players. Surprised and disappointed, he waited till Putt had made a play and then Melk came out and Snyder went in. Melk went out with head bowed. Silence reigned supreme. Not a cheer.

It was a tough break for St. Mary's. Just before the half ended Putt pushed across their second touchdown. This time Snyder touched the kick and it went wide. The gun barked and the score stood — Putt 13; St. Mary's 0.

Gloom, gloom, gloom. What a game this had turned out to be! Coach, team, crowd wondered in paralyzed amazement what had come over everyone.

A blue-eyed Miss in the crowd knew. Patsy was silent. She had wept some. There were traces of tears. Her eyes were red.

Suddenly she fished a small piece of blue paper and a blue pencil from her bag, scribbled something quickly and began pushing her way madly through the jam. It was slow work.

The second half had started and Putt's relentless march had begun again to throw back the Micks, when Mike Frawley, sitting beside the silent Melk, felt a touch on his shoulder. Someone whispered to him. He looked around, stood up, hesitated, sat down, stood up again and with a shrug walked out in back where Patsy stood waiting.

"Please, Mr. Frawley," she said, handing him the blue paper, "give this to George Melkey. He will understand."

Resisting the impulse to tear the paper into bits, Mike turned without a word, looked at the paper and read: "Give me the game and the ring. Patsy."

"Heck," he growled as he sat down, "I'll try anything. Here Melk," he continued, not unkindly, "maybe you know what this means, I don't."

In a minute Melkey was transformed. His eyes shone. The old dare-devil look came back.

"Coach," he gasped, "give me another chance. I feel great now. Trust me, will you. I'll stop 'em and we'll win."

Mike looked at him. "Well, I don't know how you got that other way, and now this way. But boy, I want to win this game. Go out and murder them."

Late in the third quarter, Melkey went in. St. Mary's had the ball on their own thirteen after having stopped Putt twice by inches. On the first play Melkey kicked sixty-five yards.

A concerted gasp went up from thousands. Something had happened.

Oh the game he played! Such an exhibition of football had never been seen. He tackled savagely twice. He shouted at the Micks. They bucked up. George threw passes, he bucked, he twisted, he ploughed, he dove, he clawed and he moled. Six yards, eight yards, fifteen yards. They lost the ball. So did Putt. It was fourth quarter now. The ball was in midfield.

A cannon ball went through left tackle. It plunged on, lurched, rocketed, pivoted, spun down the field. Tackler after tackler spun off the twisting thing. Pandemonium broke loose. George was back. Six points for St. Mary's.

George drop-kicked for the point, and the score was 13 to 7.

Thirteen minutes left to play. St. Mary's kicked off. Putt came back strong to midfield but there they were stopped. They kicked to the

ten, but Melkey danced, cut, whirled back to the forty with the whole Putt team on his back. A steady roar was rocking the stands. This was superb. Oh, for some time! Only nine minutes left. A pass was grounded. Carver gained five. George again. He literally pushed a stone wall back to Putt's forty. Again he hit tackle for nine. Around the end for ten. From the twenty yard line he ploughed over for a touchdown. The kick was hurried. Tie score. Almost six minutes left.

Putt carried the kick-off back to the forty five. George was literally super-human. Crashing through, he partly blocked a kick on fourth down. It fell into the arms of Carver who was downed on his own forty. Time for about three plays.

George crashed through tackle across mid-field into Putt territory. After a huddle, on the next play he drop-kicked from the fifty yard line, straight and true. St. Mary's won 16 to 13.

Melk lay prone. A madly charging Putt back, sensing the play rather late, had crashed into George when he was off balance and his head struck the earth. He was out, possibly seriously hurt.

That night in St. Mary's Hospital, Melk came to, murmuring: "Patsy, I won."

She smiled as she held his hand.

"I know George," she said, "but what have I done to you?"

"Oh nothing. I'll be all right. You'll see. Say Patsy, didn't you know that Lar —"

"Hush, George, I want to love you without explanations. Don't spoil my contrition."

He grinned: "Gee, you're a swell kid."

"I'm not, George. I'm mean, but I'll get over it with you. Do you mind, though, if I say that I'm almost glad you are human after all? Do you, George?"

"What do you mean? Oh, say, Patsy we have both learned a lesson."

Two days later St. Mary's supporters whooped at the announcement that Melk would be able to play the next game.



Prayer, reduced to its simplest terms, is action between God and man. On God's side it is a giving, on man's a giving back. — *Stewart*.

His Perfect Face

A SHORT SHORT STORY

A. J. PETERS, C.Ss.R.

Deep in the city of Jerusalem stands the studio of Simon Belin. It is a distinctive looking building. Its ornate facade with imported Corinthian pillars, its hammered bronze door, its marble steps, tell you that no ordinary man lives there.

And he is no ordinary man, this Simon Belin. He is the great artist of the Eastern Empire. His pictures decorate the temples of Athens, his statues the palaces of the emperors at Rome, and his plaques the homes of the wealthy at Carthage. Among the Jews the name of Simon Belin vibrates with greatness and renown. They admire him because they know that his good will live after him, and that his pictures will stand forever as representations of Jewish genius.

It is early afternoon and a man, richly dressed, mounts the steps of Belin's studio. A servant meets him, salams gracefully and accepts his outer cloak. The man, one can easily see, is a stranger, a foreigner perhaps from Greece. He enters the room and a little weazened old man with arrow-like beard and sharp brown eyes looks up from his book.

"Good afternoon, my friend."

"Good day and health, dear sir! Are you the great Belin the people speak of?" asked the stranger politely and nervously.

"Yes, I am Simon Belin, but not the great. Not as great as they make me."

"Allow me then, dear sir, a few minutes. I wish to talk. I am also an artist, but only a tyro."

Belin answered all the questions the stranger asked and at the same time showed him his collection of art. It was rare and profuse: plaques; vases; statues; shields; coins with quaint inscriptions; paintings, big and small, mediocre and wonderful in value. In his long life Simon Belin had amassed many masterpieces of art. He was very affable. He talked with sincerity and explained each little piece to the stranger with the precision of an artist. When he had finished the man asked him:

"But, dear friend, these are the masterpieces of other men, are they not? Show me some of your own work, if it may please you."

Belin looked at him with those little brown eyes that glinted with culture and refinement. He paused for a good while then spoke:

"Ah, — I will, my friend. I am a proud old man. I will show you the most perfect face in the world. It is the greatest of my works. It is a work immortal and shall live as long as the sun in the sky."

Belin led the man into a small room that was furnished with plush and jewels. He pulled a cord and a curtain parted. The stranger gasped with astonishment. He was dazed with admiration and wonder. A perfect face! The most perfect face he had ever seen. Eyes, mouth, ears were so perfect that they almost saw, spoke, and heard. The stranger gazed and was thrilled. Belin pointed to a small incense pot.

"Every morning I burn before this face a few grains of incense. My homage to my god, and to the greatest face ever painted!"

Then the eyes of the stranger opened wide when they rested at the base of the picture.

"But, my friend, if I may ask, what is that for?" He pointed to a long sharp, and glittering knife.

"That," answered Belin with a little laugh, "will be used in case I ever see a man with a more perfect face. With it I will rip and gash the canvas to rags."

Belin showed the stranger more of his pictures and then bade him good-bye. The man was delighted with his visit and asked if he might return for further study of his masterpieces. Belin consented and they parted.

The following week the stranger returned. When he spoke he was surprised to find Belin so nervous and excited. He was pulling his beard and his face was twitching. Something serious must have happened.

"My dear friend, what is the matter? — Have you lost your fortune? Have your servants left you? Have — ?"

"Ah, everything has left me and my life has become suddenly empty. Come, let me show you."

He went into the little room and pulled aside the curtain. There was the picture, there was the most perfect face in the world torn and ripped into shreds. A beautiful picture gone! A great masterpiece ruined! The stranger recovered finally.

"Belin, why all this? Man, you are crazy. Come, tell me what has happened."

The artist looked at him with those little brown eyes that were now blurred with emotion. His voice was so solemn that it quivered.

"My friend, to-day I have seen a more perfect face. This noon in the temple I saw Him, Whom they call Christ, the Son of the Living God."

PERPETUAL ADORATION

The catechism tells us we must pray *often*; Our Lord in the Gospel even urges us to pray *always*. A celebrated convert and writer of last century, Joris Karl Huysmans, one day as he sat down to work, suddenly turned to a friend and said:

"Listen, did it ever strike you what a curious time-table might be composed of the various hours of the night at which the different monastic Orders rise for prayer?"

"No," replied his friend; "it never struck me."

"Well," said Huysmans, "there is the hour of the Poor Clares, the hour of the Carthusians, the hour of the Trappists, the hour of the Carmelites, the hour of the Cistercians, the hour of the Benedictines, and not two of them the same. When one finishes, the other begins, and when these stop, the others resume their prayer. . . . From one monastery to another thus they relay — from one to the other, over the whole world. It is like a flaming torch passed from hand to hand! How beautiful it is to think of it!"

THREE THINGS

One time a dying father of an only child, called this child to his side and said:

"My dear and only child! You see how my life is now coming to an end and you know how I have worked hard all my life and have nothing to leave you of this world's goods. Yet I leave you three things: a mirror, a broom and a crucifix. In the mirror try to see only your own faults and deficiencies; with the broom sweep diligently before your own door and let the faults of others alone; and should things go hard with you, take up your crucifix and remember that He endured much more than you are called upon to bear, and He was entirely innocent. In this way, child, rest, peace and patience will come into your life — these are of far greater value than gold and silver."

What a simple formula for happiness — and the most thought-provoking part of it is, that it is the only successful formula.

Kind words cost nothing.

Etchings from Life

D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

1.

The door of the apartment was waiting open, as the priest arrived, bringing Holy Communion to the aged woman who was too ill and feeble to go to church. Inside the door knelt her daughter, lighted candle in her hand, with her own three children, their hands folded reverently in welcome and prayer.

The sorrow of illness seemed dwarfed by the joy inspired by a visit from the Saviour. . . . All four followed the priest into the sick room and knelt about the bed. . . .

The old grandmother's eyes took one look as the priest drew the burse from beneath his coat and laid it on the table. . . . Then the eyes closed and the hands were clasped over the coverlet and the lips sped forth the prayers that crowded from her heart.

The priest went on with the liturgy. At last he held the tiny gold pyx in his hand and stood beside the bed. . . . "May the Body of Our Lord Jesus Christ preserve your soul unto life everlasting. Amen."

With a supreme effort the aged woman raised herself from the pillow and received . . . The others bowed their heads . . . The priest finished the prayers of the Church, purified the pyx, then knelt and said a few prayers with the communicant. . . .

An atmosphere of holiness seemed to descend and suffuse the room. The Lord was there, and a welcome was not wanting from His people.

2.

The priest had to wait on the doorstep a long time before he was admitted. This house was luxurious and beautiful, manifesting to the world the high state of those it sheltered. But the priest with the Blessed Sacrament had to wait at the door.

At last he was admitted — by a servant. He was told that none of the household was up — and was led to the room of the sick father of the young wife who ruled the home. The servant again kept the priest waiting outside the sick room, apparently while she woke the patient. She was not a Catholic, so could hardly have been expected to understand. . . . But though this was the regular day and time for bringing Holy Communion, nothing was ready.

The man querulously asked where his daughter was and apologized for the lack of preparation. He was a good man, but subject to forces no longer in his control. He received devoutly and prayerfully, but with a troubled expression of apology. . . . He made his excuses again before the priest left.

Downstairs, the priest ran across the young wife, an elaborate lounge dress thrown around her. "So sorry," she said, lightly. "But we were all so tired! We were up so late last night!"

The priest left, but the words seemed to follow him. "So tired!" Too tired to meet and greet the Saviour entering their home! Ah, world, world! How often would He have gathered ye. . . .

3.

The priest had been told there was not much time to lose. The man was a Catholic, though apparently had not thought much about it for some time back. . . . But now he was dying. . . . It was a neighbor who called, not a member of the family. He took the Holy Oils and the Blessed Sacrament along.

He had to argue to get into the house. . . . At last the wife yielded grudgingly and admitted him. She, and two grown children entered the sick room after the priest, and gawkingly stood about the bed.

With his hand on his breast where the Saviour rested, the priest began.

"I am a Catholic priest. Can't I do something for you?"

The sick man looked up at him, and then said: "No."

"But you are a Catholic, are you not?"

"No."

"You were one?"

Weakness, weariness and sullenness were in the man's answer: "I don't believe in that stuff any more."

"But you wouldn't want to die without thinking of God, would you?"

The man closed his eyes by way of reply. His wife rebuked the priest for frightening the sick man, and bent over him to tell him not to think about death.

"I could hear your confession in no time at all, and I have Holy Communion here — would you not like to receive — your God?"

The man opened his eyes and there was desire — awe — fear in his gaze. Then he looked at his wife. . . . With a great effort he turned over on his side with his face away from the priest. "Go away and let me alone."

At last the priest was forced to leave, his hand still resting on his breast where dwelt the Saviour. His heart was sadly repeating the words: "He came unto His own — and His own received Him not!"

4.

It was always a pleasure, a source of deep spiritual joy, for the priest to bring Holy Communion to the young girl who lived alone with her mother. She was hardly more than fifteen years of age, and was slowly dying of tuberculosis.

With her mother she would go through a long ritual of preparation on the mornings of her Communion. They had set prayers that they would recite together. Then they would talk together — just talk — about Our Lord and the Blessed Sacrament and heaven and all manner of holy things until the priest came.

It was like entering an ante-chamber of heaven, the priest always thought, as he entered the room. He could almost feel the echo of the words of the liturgy in the souls of the mother kneeling at the foot of the bed, and the girl, sick unto death but happy like the angels. Ecstasy was in their eyes.

Afterwards he too would be asked to talk to them of God. . . . With effort he would control the choking in his throat. . . . What things they could have told him — they who dwelt in the radiance of His presence! Heaven was scarcely beyond the vision of their eyes!

Ah, lonely mother and dying daughter, you learned the secret: "Taste and see that the Lord is sweet!"

THE TOUCH OF GRACE

St. Clement Hofbauer was once called to the bedside of a dying man who had not received the Sacraments for 22 years. But the saint could do nothing with him; and the sick man ordered him from the room.

St. Clement walked slowly over to the door, and stood on the threshold looking expectantly at the man on the bed. After some time, the latter cried out:

"What are you waiting for? Go away and leave me in peace!"

"My friend," answered the saint, solemnly, "I have been present at many happy deaths. Today I have the opportunity of seeing how an unrepentant soul leaves the world."

The heart of the sick man was touched, and he made his peace with God.

"Right This Way"

F. J. KINSELLA, C.Ss.R.

Denis McCarthy was conductor on a Greyhound sightseeing bus at the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago. For nearly two years he had labored in vain trying to persuade his pastor and sacerdotal uncle to visit the Fair. But the Reverend Gerald Michael Dugan had his own convictions on most topics of the day; and the Fair had a very low rating in his mind. Sure, he'd see it before the gates closed if only to forestall people telling him what he had missed.

It was a warm day in late September and the good priest was dead tired as he strolled along Leif Erikson Drive. His attention and interest in the wonders about him were at very low ebb when they were suddenly revived by a lurid display of posters and the genial greeting of a handsome barker, who, be it said, was "hard as marble and twice as smooth."

"Right this way, friends. Come in closer, please. We are not allowed to block the traffic. Give those behind a chance to hear. That's the way, right in near the platform where you can hear about the greatest show on earth.

"Nineteen hundred years of mystery unmasked for the first time on any stage, in any country. Let me tell you . . ." the barker barked.

Father Dugan appraised the barker, the concession, the posters. He became fired with determination. He walked down in the general direction of 35th St. and after a little distance, he took off his coat and Roman collar and walked back.

"Right this way, friend. Come in closer, please. We are not allowed to block the traffic. Give those behind a chance to hear. That's the way, right in near the platform where you can hear about the greatest show on earth.

"Nineteen hundred years of mystery unmasked for the first time on any stage, in any country. Let me tell you about the most truthful, the most revealing show ever produced. Come in closer, friends, right near the platform.

"For the meagre sum of fifteen cents, so meagre that most patrons feel conscience-bound to give a donation after the show. Let that be. For fifteen cents we are going to show you the GREATEST

MYSTERY OF HISTORY. We don't take sides. We don't praise. We don't condemn. We tell the truth. We depict, we picture for you what actually takes place in the ROMAN CONFESSIONAL.

"Here is a chance of a lifetime to hear all, see all, know all about the shadowy mysteries of the Confessional."

Father Dugan eased his conscience of the burden of contributing to such an enterprise by thinking of the damage he'd do to the furniture, once he was inside the concession. He was determined to break up the performance, just as he had thrown consternation into a Ku Klux meeting in Denver years ago.

People from the backwoods, people from the streets of Chicago, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Fort Madison and Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, ignorant deluded people, if you will, rushed to pay good money to see and to hear and to know.

Father Dugan found himself in a small auditorium, neat and expensively furnished with thick red carpet and soft roomy seats. There was nothing low class about this concession, he begrudgingly admitted. Down in front a heavy blue drop concealed a small stage. Concealed loudspeakers filled the little hall with first class music.

When the audience had taken their seats, the music ceased and the rich voice of a trained announcer boomed a greeting. The curtains parted, the lights were dimmed—a talking picture was to be shown.

"Ladies and gentlemen," came the voice in the speakers, "It is my privilege to speak to you as you witness this picture of the Roman Confessional. Immediately after the performance, you are welcome to come up on the stage and examine minutely the confessional we display. Trained and courteous guides are prepared to answer all questions. Printed literature is free for those who wish it.

"You see now the interior of a church, and the exterior of a confessional. The practice of going to Confession is as old as the Roman Catholic Church. Christians know that Christ, being God had the power to forgive sins. The church teaches that Christ gave this power to forgive sins to His apostles and their successors, and as a proof of this claim the words of Christ Himself are quoted as they are found contained in the gospel of St. John, twentieth chapter, twenty second verse: (Quotation) 'RECEIVE YE THE HOLY GHOST. WHOSE SINS YOU SHALL FORGIVE, THEY ARE FORGIVEN THEM; AND WHOSE SINS YOU SHALL RETAIN, THEY ARE RETAINED.'

"So much for the historical background. ON WITH THE SHOW!"

Father Dugan watched the picture. He saw the confessional. He followed every detail as a young child made his confession, as a grown man and young woman also came in turn — three splendid Christians with but minor transgressions of God's law and Ten Commandments. Then the booming voice of the commentator was heard again.

"The prayer of the priest is the form of absolution. You saw him raise his hand and give absolution. You heard his Latin words. Translated they are as follows:

"'May Our Lord Jesus Christ absolve you: and I by His authority absolve you from every bond of excommunication and interdict, in as far as I am able and you are worthy. Thereupon I absolve you from your sins in the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. May the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ, the merits of the Blessed Virgin and all the Saints, and whatever good you have performed and evil you have sustained be to you a remission of your sins, an increase of grace, and the reward of eternal life. Amen.'

"Not every one who goes to Confession is freed from sin. The penitent must confess his sins truthfully and completely. He must be truly sorry for his sins and be resolved and determined not to sin again. Watch the following scenes showing bad confessions."

Graphically, dramatically the picture presented several distinct characters and glimpses of their lives, and each ended in a bad confession. There was the business man who worked injustice, piously going to confession but concealing the sin of theft. There was the fashionable young wife — here the scene centered about an operating room, and depicted immaculately garbed nurses and professionally clad surgeons, hired assassins of a creature too despicable to shoulder the burdens of motherhood. The wife goes to confession; there is no mention of her sin. And again the booming voice reverberates: "BAD CONFES-
SION."

Finally there was a brief, tense episode bringing out the seal of the confession, the bond of secrecy that seals the lips of the priest forever. A jealous husband suspicious of his wife, rushes up to the priest and demands at the point of a gun that he be told what his wife confessed. The priest refuses; the man threatens; the priest remains firm. The man kills him — makes him a martyr of the seal. Other scenes followed and the picture ended.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we hope you enjoyed this program. We wish to announce that we stand ready to offer one thousand dollars to anyone who can find in this production a single error. We claimed to reveal the whole truth and there is a thousand dollars for anyone who can prove we failed."

* * *

"12th St. 12th St." shouted the rich voice of Denis McCarthy. The bus was empty except for one sleeping passenger.

"12th St. 12th St." The figure stirred suddenly, became wide awake.

"Did your Reverence enjoy his little nap?" grinned Denis.

"Denis, my boy, I had the finest dream," said Father Dugan. "I dreamt you were a handsome barker in front of the best concession at the Century of Progress."

THE REAL CRIMINAL

In a recent address to College graduates, Bishop Sheil of Chicago narrated the following incident:

"When I was a young priest, I ministered to the religious needs of the prisoners at the county jail in Chicago. Early one wintry morning I was called to accompany a young prisoner, twenty-three years of age, on his death march to the gallows. He had committed a large number of robberies that culminated in the murder of a policeman who sought to apprehend him.

"Just before the noose was placed around his neck, he was asked if he had any final word to say. Looking around the death chamber, he spied a little group of people, the members of his family and a few other relatives who had come to witness the execution. Pointing his finger at his father, he cried out:

"'I am about to hang because that man, my own father, failed to do his duty. He allowed me to run with hoodlums and gangsters all hours of the day and night. He never warned me against their ways, never told me where they would lead to. Now I die in disgrace upon these gallows, because my father neglected to do his duty. He, rather than I, should have this noose placed around his neck.'"



What we do upon some great occasion will probably depend upon what we already are; and what we are will be the result of previous years of self discipline. — *Liddon*.

Gathered at Dawn

SANCTITY AMONG OUR CHILDREN

PETER J. ETZIG, C.Ss.R.

XXXVIII.

The life as led in the Casa della Divina Provvidenza was exactly to the liking of little Alessandrino Mazzucchi. His unvarying cheerfulness and patience made him a favorite with masters and companions. His brother, Salvatore, however, did not find it quite so easy to acclimatize himself. Naturally noisy and lively, and given less to reflection, he found the rules and surroundings somewhat irksome. Alessandrino was very much worried about him, and tried to make him observant of the rules and customs. It was a trying task, and at one time Salvatore insisted so much about going home that his mother had to come and straighten out matters. After that Salvatore began to like his new home.

The boys at the Casa got their schooling from a certain Maestro Dante who lived a short distance from the Casa. Each day the boys would go to the Maestro by a route designated by the superiors, and although Salvatore and a few others often wanted to deviate so as to see a little of the town, Alessandrino would never allow it, looking upon such conduct as disobedience. After studies were completed at home, the boys could do some extra reading. Alessandrino did most of his from the Sacred History and Church History of Don Bosco, the little works of the same Saint, called "Le Letture Cattoliche" (Catholic Readings), and the Lives of the Saints. He early learned to be punctual in all things and to do what he was told with attention and completeness. After a while when Don Guanella taught him some Latin, the lad would inscribe on his composition books "Omnia tempus habent" (Everything in its own time).

FIRST COMMUNION

The manuscripts attest that the lad received his First Communion with angelic fervor and each day after that was present at the Holy Table. From this event dates a series of intimacies of Divine Love between the lad and God, and he seemed to have understood in a practical way what was meant by "praying without ceasing." Each morning he made mental prayer, and when he had to omit it in the morning he invariably made up for it some time during the day. Each day, too, saw him making spiritual reading, especially from the life of St. Aloysius.

According to the custom of the house, he made his visit to the Blessed Sacrament immediately after dinner, although immediately upon his return from school for the noon hour he always made a brief visit to the Blessed Sacrament. Quite naturally the Rosary became a favorite devotion, and the Way of the Cross a daily habit. But with all his fervor and diligence at prayer, there was not the least affectation or impression of the "goody-goody" type of individual. He always remained a real boy — but one who had a rather clear notion of what the purpose of life was. Don Guanella had such a high regard for the lad that he named him "L'Angelo della Casa" (Angel of the House).

Don Bosco who understood the heart of the boy thoroughly, has said: "To speak to the young of penance is to alarm them. But when the love of God takes possession of a heart, nothing in the wide world, no suffering afflicts them, nay each pain of life fills them with consolation. From such tender hearts there is born the noble thought that one suffers for a great purpose: and that for the sufferings of life a glorious recompense in eternity is reserved." Yet this lad practiced interior mortification to a remarkable degree. His health was not of the best, yet no one ever heard him make any complaint. Everything was all right with him, even in the days when the extreme poverty of the Casa had little to offer him. Medicines even though bitter and repulsive were taken as though they were very tasty. Although very abstemious, he would always manage to put aside a tasty bit for some of the sick of the Casa.

Some times when the mornings were exceptionally cold, the priest would not call him to go to the church of San Luigi to serve Mass. This took place particularly during the severe winter of 1889. But the lad was very much put out by such events.

"Why didn't you call me?" he said. "I won't suffer from the cold. It would be an act of charity to call me, for if I am lazy as a young boy, what will become of me when I become an old man?" And for that entire day there was something lacking in his spirit, and his face was not so serene as on other days. This same effect of missing Mass and Communion, was noticeable on another occasion. On this day his superior saw that he was sad and disturbed.

"What is the matter, Sandrino?" he asked him.

"If I cannot go to Mass and Communion in the morning," he replied, the tears in his eyes, "I can neither eat nor study, and the entire day seems to me to be ill-spent!"

ASPIRATIONS FOR THE PRIESTHOOD

In a little Spanish life of Alessandrino, the author says that the lad showed two marked characteristics: love of the Eucharist, and love of the priesthood. The boy had the priestly soul in the fullest sense of the word — a soul that Pius XI once aptly described as “Angelically pure, apostolically diligent, Eucharistically devout.” And surely, to see such a saintly man as Father Guanella celebrate Mass each morning was in itself sufficient to show the lad what the Eucharist really meant in a priest’s life. It therefore became increasingly apparent that the lad was to be a priest; he was quite sure of it, and all the thoughts and ideals of the boy were built around the tabernacle. It is therefore little wonder that when he heard that a statue had been erected to the infamous apostate priest, Giordano Bruno, he wept openly because of it. And when he was asked why he was crying, he replied:

“But is it possible that a priest could ever become so wicked? That a bad priest could ever celebrate Mass?” And the lad could hardly be consoled, until his director suggested to him that he pray for the unfortunate one and also for all other priests, that God would make them as saintly as Father Guanella.

His conduct at the altar and in the chapel merited for him the title of “Angelino” (little angel). When serving Mass especially he was an inspiring picture, reproducing in himself the ideal of Mass servers as once outlined in the 41st Diocesan Synod of Milan a short time ago: “Pure, pluchre et devote pro Angelis deserviens” (Purely beautifully and devoutly taking the place of the angels). His little copy-book is filled with parts of the Psalms, prefaces, instructions about serving, and prayers of the Mass and parts of the catechism — all giving evidence how careful he was to note all that he was expected to learn by heart.

FRUITS OF THE EUCHARIST

Such closeness to Jesus in sacrifice could not fail to impress upon the boy the privilege of self sacrifice for the neighbor. This was strikingly illustrated in an incident that took place about this time. A boy of 16, named Lino Crosta, was admitted into the Casa one day, but soon had to be separated from the rest of the boys because of an infected arm. Despite all medical attention, the arm grew worse and became so thoroughly infected that it penetrated down to the bone, and caused such a disagreeable odor that he had to be segregated in every way. One evening Father Guanella in his customary evening talks to the boys, suddenly said:

"Is there none among you who would keep Lino company for a little while? It is, indeed, repulsive, but it is an act of real charity not to leave him alone, the poor boy!" But he had scarcely finished when up went a hand among the boys, and Sandrino offered himself:

"If I will be allowed, I will go to him!"

Ever after that, the boy spent as much time as he possibly could with Lino. He would accompany him to the hospital and even wash and dress his wounds. He very often took his meals with him, although it demanded almost superhuman effort to do so, and at times he had to leave the little dining room because of the revulsion the ordeal caused him. Yet no one could ever guess the great heroicity that this act of charity demanded of the lad, save only good Father Guanella, and he admired the boy in silence.

THE LITTLE PREACHER

The Christmas of 1889 was a gala time for the Mazzucchi family. By special permission Alessandrino and Salvatore were allowed to go home for the holidays. There was a gay family reunion, which in after years became a treasured memory for more than one reason. Seated around the family fireside, Sandrino became the center of attraction, and was called upon to give story upon story. Finally the father, whose name being Natale, was to have a name day celebration the next day, suggested that the boy and Salvatore play priests. Sandrino took up the idea immediately and decided to give a sermon on the occasion. As he warmed up to his subject, and told the story of Lucia Guanella, an old lady at the Casa who found all her delight in Mass and Communion, he suddenly became serious and turning toward his father, the boy-preacher continued:

"And you, Pa Natale, do not go to confession often; but tomorrow you will go to confession, for it is your name day. I have begged you by letter to do so, and now I do so by word of mouth, and I hope that tomorrow you will not fail us. You are somewhat backward in regard to the affairs of your soul; but at midnight we will see you at Mass and at the celebrations."

This was an astounding turn in the little sermon, and his father was somewhat taken aback, but did not dare to say no absolutely, so he responded "I will do something or other." But the little fellow was not content. He looked at his father very seriously and very respectfully insisted that he should be seen at the Communion rail on Christmas

day. The Christmas bells announced the midnight Mass and Sandrino ran to his father's room:

"Pa Natale, Pa Natale," he called, "Come let's go to Mass. . . . Hurry!"

His father could not refuse and went to Mass with the little fellow, as well as to Confession and Communion. How fortunate it was that he listened to the call of his son, the sequel will show.

SORROW

The holidays passed and the two boys were once more at the Casa. Pa Natale got a cold and went down with influenza. This rapidly developed into pneumonia, and the two boys were called home. When they arrived their father was already unconscious, and Sandrino threw himself on his knees alongside his father's bed, and prayed and wept as though his little heart were to break — O, for just one word from Pa Natale! And the prayers and tears were answered, for the dying man regained consciousness for little intervals, to murmur: "My sons, my sons!" Later he once more regained consciousness sufficiently to give his last instructions to both of the boys. To Alessandrino came the first words:

"My son, keep on as you have been, and always remain so; always distinguish yourself!" And to Salvatore:

"Obey Alessandrino and do as he does. If you do as Alessandrino you will never be sorry."

After this it was but a matter of moments, and Sandrino's father went to God, February 13, 1890, at the age of 39.

After the funeral, when the lad was consoling his mother, he did a rather startling thing. One would have expected the boy to keep from his good mother all thought of any other possible sorrow especially on the very day of the funeral, yet seated in the kitchen with his arm about his bereaved mother, he made this statement:

"Dearest mother, let us have courage! It rarely happens, you already know, that one misfortune comes alone; let us therefore hold ourselves prepared for still another misfortune. . . . May heaven defend us from it, but it seems to me that I have a presentiment, that soon your heart will be pierced once more by a very cruel sorrow!" And thus it was.

INTO THE DAWN

After the funeral the boys went back to the Casa once more, but an attack of influenza left him so impaired in health, that a visit by the

doctor was deemed advisable. No important symptom was found and in a few days the lad was once again at his books. He showed the old time serenity, and if he suffered pain no one knew about it. Yet all this time his little remaining strength was being consumed. The vigil of the feast of St. Aloysius was a great day at the Casa because of the name-day of Father Guanella, but a special day of rejoicing for the two lads because their mother came to visit them. They had a very pleasant time with mother and when evening came, she told them they would continue their chat tomorrow, for the boys, especially Alessandrino had so much to tell her about the Casa and about his plans. She put them to bed, and as she sat there looking at the boys fallen asleep she heard how Alessandrino in his dreams called out:

"I am coming! I am coming!" and then he awoke. She smiled at him and said:

"You said: I am coming; where are you going?"

And the boy merely replied:

"I dreamt Pa Natale was calling me."

"Now go to sleep once more, darling," she said, and as he fell asleep once more, mother's mind travelled back over four months to the scene in the kitchen, and Sandrino's mystic foreboding, and in the quiet of that Italian night she too asked anxiously:

"Ah Lord, what dost Thou ask?"

MORNING LIGHT

The feast of St. Aloysius saw the boy at the Communion Rail once more and his face reflected the interior peace and joy the event brought to him. To all his mother's anxious inquiries he had but one reply as he sought to soothe her fears:

"Don't be afraid, mamma, there is nothing the matter!"

It was customary for the boys at the Casa to select one day a month on which they endeavored to prepare for death. Alessandrino selected the 21st of June, for he had one great desire:

"O how pleased I would be to die as St. Aloysius died: on the day of St. Aloysius!"

The boys had dinner with their mother, and after dinner Sandrino went to have recreation with the rest of the boys because he felt somewhat unwell, chiefly because he insisted on taking part of his dinner with the unfortunate Lino. In the place of recreation a new swing was to be inaugurated on the occasion. Alessandrino was selected to take the first ride. He made the sign of the cross, climbed on to the

swing and was given the customary pushes. When swinging high, for some reason or other, his hands left the ropes and he fell backwards upon his head. They rushed him into the house, and Father Guanella was hurriedly called. He saw that the end was near and gave the boy conditional absolution.

The good Father had now to break the terrible news to the mother.

"I am sorry to disturb you, Domenica," he began, "Our little Alessandrino is not doing so well!" The mother was petrified with presentiment, and then cried out:

"He is dead! He is dead!"

The boys at the Casa stormed heaven for a possible miracle — save our comrade Sandrino. The doctor came, the patient was taken to the hospital, but he was beyond medical skill. He had suffered a severe concussion of the brain and never regained consciousness. His breath came slower and slower; Extreme Unction was administered, and at seven that evening, Alessandrino went to God. It was St. Aloysius day — "O how pleased would I be to die as St. Aloysius died: on the day of St. Aloysius!"

His mother's heart was almost broken by the shock, but she soon recognized that all is well in God's hands.

"May the will of God be done! He died as he desired on the day of St. Aloysius, and St. Aloysius will have him near him in heaven!" She herself dressed him for the last time, and clad him in his server's cassock and surplice and little biretta; in his hands she placed a lily, and at his side she put his crucifix.

The funeral took place on Monday, the 23rd, and was attended by a large concourse of people. Over his grave they placed the inscription: "Son Alessandrino went to heaven in the smile of innocence, rich in particular gifts of nature and of grace, at the age of 12, June 21, 1890."

His reputation lived after him and they still talk about him at the Casa, and Father Guanella never tired recommending people to trust in the intercession of his little protege. His name is known as well as his virtue to the present Holy Father, and he has manifested great interest in the lad just as he has shown interest in that other little Italian boy, the protege of St. John Bosco, Dominic Savio.

To one and all who have known Alessandrino the statement of his biographer is but the expression of personal thought: "One pilgrim less here on earth, one more Angel around the throne of God!"

(The End)

Catholic Action in the United States

IS THERE A NEED?

R. J. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

The Angelic Doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas, begins every article in his greatest work, the *Summa Theologica*, with a question which sums up the matter he is treating. For example, some of his headings are: "Whether God knows future things;" "Whether Theology is a Science;" "Whether our intellect can know what is infinite." The article then forms the answer to the question. First, the author says: "It seems not." Then, he says, "But on the other hand—" and gives one or two short reasons to the contrary. Then comes his famous "I reply," in which he sets forth at length his own view; and finally he answers the "seems not" one by one. This is his invariable mode of procedure in each of the several thousand articles in the *Summa*, even in the one which is headed: "Whether there is a God," which begins like all the others: "It seems there is no God."

For giving all the pros and cons of a matter briefly and clearly, this method can hardly be surpassed. So, to bring out the pros and cons of the question: "Whether we need Catholic Action," one is to proceed thus:

It seems that we do not need Catholic Action in the United States, because:

1. From all parts of the country there are reports of crowded seminaries, of Bishops turning away aspirants to the priesthood "because they have enough priests." The needs of the Faith are therefore sufficiently taken care of by the abundance of priests, and Catholic Action is unnecessary.
2. There are hundreds of Catholic societies in the United States, with hundreds of objects covering all the possible needs of the Church. A new society like Catholic Action is therefore superfluous and would only cause confusion.
3. The priests of the country have plenty of work as it is. Their time is taken up with their pastoral duties, and Catholic Action, with its demands on them for instruction and direction of the members, would necessitate a withdrawal of their attention from their pastoral work. It is therefore unnecessary, and perhaps even harmful.

4. We have got along well without Catholic Action up to now; why start trouble by bringing in this new thing at this time?

But on the other hand there is the authority of the Pope in his declarations: "Catholic Action is a pastoral duty." "There is no substitute for Catholic Action." "Catholic Action is the form of apostolate best adapted to meet the needs of the times." Also the Pope's will is to be found in the fact that he imposed Catholic Action upon Catholics of various countries on many occasions.

I reply:

Catholic Action is an organization of Catholic laymen, trained in Catholic doctrine and Catholic practice, and completely devoted to the service and assistance of their pastor, their bishop, and the hierarchy of their country in the work of spreading Catholic truth and Catholic practice. This organization is needed by Catholics and non-Catholics in the United States.

It is needed by good, bad, and indifferent Catholics. Good Catholics are those who know their religion, practice it themselves, and are eager to spread it to others. They need Catholic Action, first, as the channel of their zeal, and secondly, as a means of coordinating their activities with those of other good Catholics and so making them more effective for the spread of the faith. They need it as a channel for their zeal because, although they are often desirous to spread the faith as much as they can, and would do great work if they had the opportunities, still the lack of definite guidance renders them diffident and fearful, and causes their power for good to be lost. On the other hand, they sometimes take it upon themselves to carry out their zealous ideals, and run the risk of falling into indiscretions which bring them into trouble with ecclesiastical authority, which again destroys their power for good. Catholic Action would furnish the guidance they are looking for, and coming as it does from ecclesiastical authority, would safeguard them against indiscretions and difficulties.

They also need Catholic Action as a means of coordinating their efforts with those of other good Catholics. Good Catholics usually belong to Catholic societies which have laudable purposes, either for the spread of the faith or for the sanctification of the members. But in the work of spreading the faith these purposes often overlap and there is confusion and wasted effort. Something is needed by which the various societies will not be absorbed or destroyed, but by which the pastor or

bishop as head of the parish or diocese will be able to keep them from overlapping, and guide each of them to the accomplishment of the greatest good in the parish or the diocese. Catholic Action is this coordinating or guiding force. And the societies for the sanctification of the members produce Catholics who could become the best of lay apostles, if their sanctity could be directed to the field of the apostolate. But Catholic Action is the organization which directs good Catholics, sanctified in Catholic societies, to the field of the apostolate.

Therefore good Catholics need Catholic Action.

Catholic Action is necessary for bad Catholics, to prevent further leakage in the Church in the United States. The purpose of Catholic Action is first of all the sanctification of Catholics, and only then the conversion of the world. And bad Catholics will be influenced by Catholic Action indirectly, by coming under the influence of Catholic laymen who are members of Catholic Action, and are exercising the apostolate in behalf of weak Catholics; and directly, by themselves becoming interested in Catholic Action, when they see it to be not something remote and artificial, but an essential and vigorous part of the life of their own parish. They will thereby cease to be bad Catholics.

Therefore bad Catholics need Catholic Action.

Indifferent Catholics are those who do not know their faith very well, or have forgotten it, and believe that they fulfill all their obligations by attending Sunday Mass, receiving the Sacraments occasionally and the like, without any idea that their religion has a bearing on the matters of their daily lives. They need Catholic Action, i.e. they need membership in Catholic Action, because as members of Catholic Action they will receive instruction in the faith, and particularly in the applications of the faith to modern life. For Catholic Action, according to the Pope, has two features: the work of formation, and the work of the apostolate. Before the layman can act as an apostle of the faith to others, he must know the faith himself, and this knowledge of the faith is imparted in true Catholic Action by courses of instruction. In fact, an important feature of Catholic Action in the dioceses of Italy and other countries is an annual distribution of prizes to those Catholics, children and adults, men and women, who have been outstanding as students at these courses of instruction. The indifferent Catholic, therefore, needs Catholic Action inasmuch as it will give him the knowledge about his faith which he lacks.

The indifferent Catholic also believes that religion is an affair for Sundays and rare occasions. Religion, he thinks, does not enter into such things as campaigning for political office, or holding political office. Religion does not enter into business and business methods. It never occurs to him that there might be a precept of religion concerning moving pictures or scandal sheets. But Catholic Action will give him the religious side of these questions; that is, the teachings of Christ and the faith applied to the particulars of modern life.

Therefore the indifferent Catholic needs Catholic Action.

There are also one hundred million non-Catholics in the United States, among them some seventy million pagans; and this is the main reason why we need Catholic Action in the United States.

Non-Catholics may also be divided into good, bad, and indifferent with regard to religion; and we need Catholics for each class.

Good non-Catholics are those who are in good faith, living good religious lives according to their lights. These are not infrequently inclined to investigate the Catholic faith, but they are afraid of priests and lack other means of securing instruction; Catholics whom they question often are unable to answer them satisfactorily; therefore they need the trained laymen of Catholic Action who can answer them intelligently and are inspired with prudent zeal to lead them to Catholic truth and Catholic practice.

Therefore Catholic Action is needed for good non-Catholics.

Bad non-Catholics are those who are actively and deliberately engaged in spreading or doing evil, such as dealing in immorality, as in questionable moving pictures, or in promoting injustice, as in selfish and avaricious business. These will not desist from their practices except through necessity; and under present circumstances, the best way in which this necessity can be imposed is by the unified action of organized Catholics, acting intelligently under the direction of their Bishops and pastors. But this is Catholic Action.

Therefore Catholic Action is needed to combat the evil influence of bad non-Catholics.

Indifferent non-Catholics are those who believe that one religion is as good as another, or it does not matter what you believe, as long as you do what is right. But one religion is not as good as another, and it does matter what you believe. "There is one thing necessary." But the Bishops and priests are not sufficient of themselves to impress this

upon indifferent non-Catholics, because they rarely come in contact with them, therefore trained and zealous Catholic laymen are needed, to share with the Bishops and priests their mission of "preaching the Gospel to every creature;" and this is Catholic Action.

Therefore Catholic Action is necessary for indifferent non-Catholics.

To the first objection, therefore, that we have enough priests, the answer is that we may have enough priests for the parishes existing in some parts of the country; but we have not enough missionaries for the hundred million non-Catholics in the United States. Therefore Catholic Action is necessary.

To the second, that there are enough Catholic societies, the answer is that we have no means of uniting the scattered forces of the many societies, which, if united (but not fused) for the work of the apostolate, would form a body of immense power for the spread of the faith in parish, diocese and nation; moreover, when some problem of evil arises on a national scale, though individual societies may act, their action is weak and ineffectual, as for instance was the action of various Catholic bodies in the matter of decency in the moving pictures until united under the Bishops in the true form of Catholic Action. Therefore Catholic Action, which will unite, but not fuse, Catholic societies in parish, diocese, and nation under pastor, Bishop, and hierarchy, for the promotion of good and the resisting of evil, is necessary.

To the third, that the priests have no time for Catholic Action, the answer is, according to the first objection, that there is an abundance of priestly vocations at this time.

To the fourth, that we got along well without Catholic Action, the answer is that there may have been successes in some parts of the country, but the seventy million pagans now in the country, many of whose ancestors were Catholics on coming to the United States, are sufficient evidence that there was and is a vast field for lay apostles in this country. Therefore Catholic Action is necessary.



God hath not promised skies always blue,
Flower strewn pathways all our life through;
God hath not promised sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow, peace without pain.
But God hath promised strength for the day.

Catholic Anecdotes

A DISCUSSION BETWEEN SAINTS

A story is told that on one occasion a Friar Benedict questioned Blessed Bertrand Garriga (who died in 1230) because he so rarely celebrated Mass for the poor souls.

"We are certain of the salvation of the holy souls," was the reply of Blessed Bertrand; "but of the end of ourselves and other sinners, we are not certain."

"Well, but," persisted Friar Benedict, "suppose there are two beggars, one strong and well, the other disabled. Which would you be the more sorry for?"

"The one who can do least for himself," answered Bertrand.

"Very well, then," put back Friar Benedict. "Such certainly are the dead. They have neither mouths wherewith to confess, nor hands wherewith to work, nor feet to walk; they can only ask our prayers and wait. But living sinners have all these means and can help themselves."

Blessed Bertrand was not at all convinced by this argument. But that night, the story goes, a certain dead person, terrible to look upon, troubled him, waking him ten times and vexing him.

The next morning he called Friar Benedict and told him what had happened. Then, going up to the altar, he offered Mass for the Poor Souls.

SILENT POWER

Cornelius a Lapide, the great Scripture scholar of the seventeenth century, tells us the story of a young married woman who one day went to an old friend of hers to ask how success in marriage could be attained. The old man thought a while and then looking up into the young eager face replied:

"If you would exert a happy influence over your husband, then obey him in all lawful things and do willingly what he desires; for a good wife rules her husband by willing obedience."

A striking example of this very thing is found among others, in the life of Queen St. Chlotildis, the wife of the Frankish king, Chlodwig. History tells us that the greatest influence for the good of France came not from this king — who was undoubtedly capable and effective — but

from the life of silent power exerted by the obedient Chlotildis. She is recorded to have said:

"I left my will in my father's house; here in France I have no other will save that of my husband."

It is then not a matter of wonder if we read that Chlodwig acknowledged to some of his friends when the subject of the Queen was brought up.

"I have a consort of remarkable understanding and lively spirit, but she has no will."

And so it happened that the pagan Chlodwig, after he had defeated his enemies, finally succumbed to the power of his own wife and embraced the Faith, remarking at the time of his baptism: "Chlodwig has conquered his enemies, but Chlotildis has conquered Chlodwig."

And have we forgotten the remarkable illustration of the same advice in the life of Queen St. Margaret of Scotland?

But modern leaders have expunged the word "obey" from the formula of the marriage promise. Which of the two is the *successful* formula?

THE PRICE

Whistler, the famous artist, was being sued for excess charges on a picture he had painted. The Attorney General asked:

"How long did it take you to knock off that 'Nocturne'?"

"How long did I take to 'knock off'—I think that is it—to knock off that 'Nocturne'?" said Whistler, repeating the Attorney General's slighting word. "Well, as well as I can remember, about a day. I may have still put a few more touches to it the next day, if the painting were not dry. I had better say then that I was two days at work on it."

"The labor of two days, then," said the Attorney General, "is that for which you ask two hundred guineas?"

"No," answered Whistler, "I ask it for the knowledge of a lifetime."

MODERN ENLIGHTENMENT

During a football game between Holy Cross College and a State University, a small boy among the spectators turned to his father and said:

"Holy Cross! What a funny name, Daddy. What does it mean?"

The father answered: "I don't know, son, what it means."

Pointed Paragraphs

ON GUARDIAN ANGELS

One of the foremost works of Italian Catholic Action is the teaching of catechism to children. This work is in the hands of the Women's Union of Catholic Action, and each year a contest is held among the teachers, and the winners are rewarded by a trip to Rome and a visit with the Pope.

This year the subject of the catechism contest was the Guardian Angels. When the winners presented their compositions to the Holy Father, he delivered a discourse on the same subject.

"The Angel of God," he said, "accompanies us with his presence, loves us with his benevolence, defends us with his guardianship. Therefore it is our turn to reciprocate with that response St. Bernard so well suggests. . . . We should remember our Guardian Angel by reverence for his presence, by devotion and love for his tenderness and benevolence, and by confidence in his guardianship. . . .

"In this," he continues, "you can imitate what the Pope really does. At the beginning of each day of his life and every evening at the end of the day, he invokes his Guardian Angel; and often repeats these invocations during the course of the day, especially when things become a little complicated and difficult, which often happens.

"And we wish to say, also as a debt of gratitude to our Guardian Angel, that we have always felt ourselves assisted by him in some marvelous way. Often we feel and perceive that our Angel is near Us, ready to help Us, to assist Us. And this each Guardian Angel does equally for each one of you!"

Here is inspiration and example of a high order for the practice of a beautiful devotion in Christian lives!

THE SAINTS OF GOD

All the souls who have died in the grace and friendship of God and been gathered to their great reward are remembered at the outset of November on the feast of All Saints. The Church bids us look up to them, realize our union with them, learn from them, and deserve being helped by them while we still tarry away from our goal.

It is a pleasant and joyous thing to think of the millions of souls

who have gone before us, suffered as we are suffering, striven as we strive, and attained as we hope to attain. It is a cure for loneliness; a rebuke for discouragement; a ground for hope and expectation of the firmest.

Perhaps we shall prefer, on this great feast, to concentrate our devotion upon certain classes or persons who are included in the vast heavenly throng. No matter what our own particular difficulties, no matter how strange and unusual our tasks and temptations in life, we may be certain that there are others amongst the millions who have lived and died, who had to go through exactly the same struggle that we are enduring. It is not strange then, that we should try to single these out from the throng on the feast of All Saints; direct our prayer and praise to them, perhaps with the words:

"O unknown Saints who have experienced my lot in life, who now know its reward, help me by the sympathy you must feel, and by the knowledge you have gained of my needs!"

Or perhaps we shall love to direct our attention on All Saints' Day toward those whom we have known in life, and who, we are confident, now have gone to their reward. Perhaps there was an infant or child whom we loved, who was called by God before the innocence of Baptism was marred; this is the feast of that child. Perhaps a mother or father or husband or wife or friend has been taken from us, after a life that, so far as human eye could judge, seemed worthy of the speedy vision of God.

This is the feast of such as these; and in a loving sense of reunion, we shall remember and pray to them all!

THE POOR SOULS

We call them "Poor"—but in a sense they are immensely rich. Here on earth life is but a beginning—it is the time of first development and formation, enacted amid many weaknesses that make us feel again and again, that "the corruptible body is a load upon the soul and the earthly habitation presseth upon the mind." Our hearts, subject to the feebleness and fickleness consequent upon Original Sin, are open to a thousand attractions and a thousand temptations, that make our lot uncertain and throw the shadow of fear across our daily path.

But these souls are certain. The light of heaven, so to speak, already shines through the bars of their prison. They have seen momentarily the glory of God and have heard the supremely satisfying assurance:

you are saved. They know — they are sure, that the eternal joys of heaven are theirs. There is no love of God on earth that can approach in intensity and constancy their love for Him. Indeed this forms the inexpressible riches of these holy souls — who are approaching finished holiness.

And yet they are poor. Poor — because now they know infinitely better than they ever did on earth, how great a good they miss when they lack the vision of God. Their desire, their yearning, burns like a flame in these souls. Poor — because now they see better — infinitely better than they did on earth, what venial sins mean to the soul, the character, that must be formed in the likeness of Christ to be worthy to share His glory. And their sorrow and contrition are a new flame searing away every stain of sin. Poor — because they can no longer merit any pardon — any hastening of their release. They are helpless, so that we might be forced to think of them, so that we might be able to help them.

These two elements should enter our prayers for the dead: reflection upon the lessons of purgatory and charity for those who await their entrance into glory.

Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them — and us!

BARRIERS

Despite fullest conviction that Holy Communion is the greatest privilege of man, as well as a necessary remedy and means of perseverance, there are many, very many Catholics who still remain away from the holy table. Allowing for the comparatively few, who do so because of difficulties of place or time, which make frequent Communion impossible, the others remain away for the most part for one or more of the following reasons:

1) *Human respect.* They are afraid some one would dub them a saint, or accuse them of being too religious. If the whole parish were to go, they would also go; but alone they lack the strength, because they lack fundamental convictions regarding the Sacrament.

2) *Fear of confession.* They foolishly remain away from Communion because they lack the strength to submit to confession, forgetting all the time that Communion gives strength to humiliate oneself for confession, just as confession gives necessary purity for Communion.

3) *Negligence regarding religious things.* As soon as religion is

mentioned they seem overcome with fatigue. They have all sorts of excuses: no time, no clothes, too far, too long and so on. Yet such people manage to appear in public, to have hours for social calls, not to count a few miles to get to the theatre, and so on. The truth is that they know little of the value of religion — and care less.

4) *Lack of practice.* All things become easy with practice. Frequent Communion soon leads us into the mysteries of God and with knowledge comes joy and peace of life. These in turn are succeeded by the spirit and joy of sacrifice — which in turn are the terms of the definition of happiness in every circumstance of life.

Why are you not of the number of frequent communicants?

LOOKING THROUGH THE GATES

Reading some of the numberless descriptions of the last moments of great men of God is to learn to see through their eyes the Christian meaning of death. Their last words are marked by a holy impetuosity, an ardent longing, a burst of faith, that is an inspiration to all who behold.

Monsignor Baunard, in his appealing work, "The Evening of Life," gathers a few of these scenes together. He bids us learn from the last words of the dying.

Listen, he tells us, to Lacordaire: "Open to me, O my God, open to me!" With these words the great monk closed forever those lips from which such floods of eloquence had poured.

Listen to Pere Ravignan: "To die is happiness, and what happiness! I have desired it perhaps too much; but God knows it was not in order to escape more suffering, but to go to Him in heaven."

The last words of Donoso Cortez, the great Spanish orator, when dying at the age of forty-five, were: "My God, Thou hast said: 'I will draw all men unto Me.' Draw me, dear Lord; take me!"

Listen to Cardinal Newman: "I end my long life declaring that God has never failed me." He then asked to have Father Faber's hymn, "The Eternal Years" sung to him. "It is like a reflection from the eternal light," he said. "Blessed vision of peace!"

Or finally to Cardinal Manning: "My soul is already filled with the beauty of the world beyond! How I understand now the desire of St. Paul to depart! Let us go!"



The greatest cross is to have no cross. — *Cure of Ars.*

-----LIGURIANA-----

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

SOULS IN PURGATORY

It is certain that the sufferings of the holy prisoners in Purgatory are immeasurable. The

From "Great Means of Prayer"

fire that torments them is more painful than anything a man could possibly suffer

in this life; in fact, says St. Thomas, it is the same as the fire of hell. This is the pain of sense; but much greater is the pain of loss, that is, the deprivation of the vision of God, which afflicts these holy souls. For they are on fire not only with natural, but also with supernatural love of God, and are so powerfully drawn to unite themselves with this highest good, that when they see that their faults are holding them back, they feel an agony so piercing, that, were death possible for them, they would die at every moment. St. Chrysostom says that a thousand hell fires would not cause so much pain as the loss of God.

Thus the pains of Purgatory surpass anything that can be suffered in this life. A certain soul from Purgatory is said to have revealed to St. Cyril of Jerusalem that if all the torments of the world were compared to the least suffering in Purgatory, they would seem to be comforts and consolations.

Thus the sufferings of the Poor Souls are great; and on the other hand, they are unable to help themselves. They are as it were holy queens, destined to reign in the eternal kingdom; but they may not take possession of it until the term of their purification has expired; they are helpless to shorten the

term (at least to obtain a complete pardon for themselves, if we wish to believe the theologians who hold that they can beg some relief) or to loosen their chains until they have completely satisfied the divine justice.

Again, it is certain, even of faith, that we can help the holy souls by our prayers; and I do not see how a person can be excused from fault if he fails to afford them some assistance, at least by his prayers. Or if we are not moved by the thought of duty, perhaps we shall be by the thought that we are giving pleasure to Our Lord by praying for the Poor Souls, thus setting free His beloved spouses, so that they can join Him in Heaven.

Or finally, perhaps it will aid us in assisting them, to think that they are most grateful, and realize quite well the great good we do them when by our prayers we lighten their sufferings and hasten their entrance into Heaven; and we may be sure that once they are safe in Heaven, they will not fail to pray to God for us.

THE POWER OF OUR LADY

Mary's help and power has been called almighty; and rightly so, since a mother should share her son's power, and her Son, Who is almighty, has made His Mother also to be almighty. He is almighty by nature; she, by grace; that is, she obtains anything she prays for. This was revealed to St. Brigid in a vision: she saw Jesus talking to His Mother and saying: "Ask

From "Preparation for Death"

anything you wish of me; your prayers can never go unheard." And then he gave the reason: "Since you refused me nothing on earth, I will refuse you nothing in Heaven." St. Theophilus says: "The Son is glad to have His Mother ask favors of Him, because He wants to grant all she asks in order that He may thereby make her a return for the favor she granted Him in giving Him His human flesh and blood." So we can tell Our Lady with a holy martyr: "How wonderful, O Mother, that your Son should be your debtor; that Son, to whom all the world is a debtor!" Or if we think of our sins, and fear for our salvation, we can say to her: "You have a supply of power, Mother, which no other force can overcome; our sins will never be too great for your mercy; nothing can resist the power of your clemency, for the Creator considers your glory His own."

IS HELL ETERNAL?

It is not hard to find heretical authors who, weaving their opinions out of their own fancy, declare that in all probability the pains of the damned will be, if not altogether remitted, at least mitigated or interrupted after a certain period of time. But this is expressly contrary to Holy Scripture. Isaias, speaking of the reprobate, says: "Their worm dieth not, and their fire is not extinguished." Christ Himself, in His sentence upon the damned on Judgment Day, will say: "Depart from Me, ye accursed, into everlasting fire."

To this, someone might urge the flippant objection: "The Lord says that the fire is eternal, but not that

the punishment of the damned is eternal." Not to waste words, let us see what the Lord does say about the punishment of the damned. In the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew, verse forty-six, He says: "These shall go into everlasting punishment." And St. Paul says (2 Thess., Ch. 1, v. 9): "Who shall suffer eternal punishment in destruction."

Thus the fire of hell not only will be eternal, but will also torture the damned eternally; and the reason is clear why there can be no truce or relief in hell: namely, since the sin of the damned will last forever, so will be its punishment.



When you are in your bed or your room, think that some day you will have to be judged there by Jesus Christ.

When you see a dead person being taken to the cemetery, think that some day the same will happen to you.

When you see a proud monument erected over some grave, think: "If this man is lost, what good does he get from all this marble?"

If you should happen to see a criminal trembling before his judge, think of the terror of a sinner appearing before Jesus Christ.

When you hear the roar of thunder, and you tremble, think of the trembling of the damned in hell when they hear the thunders of the justice of God.

When you see the starry sky, think that some day you will be there to enjoy God, if you love Him in this life.

Book Reviews

DRAMA

One Good Turn: A Comedy Drama in Four Acts. By John Kyte. Published by the Catholic Dramatic Movement, 1511 W. Wisconsin Ave., Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Price, 50 cents. Set of 12 copies, \$5.00. Royalty, members of Catholic Dramatic Guild, \$10.00; others, \$20.00.

This play is based on a psychological thesis that offers some very dramatic moments. Apart from the entertainment value of the play, which seems to be considerable at first reading, there are questions that arise about the principle upon which the plot is based. It is the story of a world-war character, who went to the war an upright citizen and returned to become a public enemy, presumably because of the effects of a head wound. The judge who finally tries him for his crimes pronounces him undeserving of punishment on this ground. The weakness in this solution is in the author's portrayal of the criminal, whose consciousness of the meaning of right and wrong and of the evil of his ways is made so strong that it nullifies in great part the validity of his plea. Criminal psychologists would hardly provide a clean slate of non-imputability for so conscious a malfactor.

The suspense and interest of the play are based chiefly on the course pursued by the District Attorney who corners the criminal. and then, learning that it is the man who saved his life in the war, braves public opinion by resigning his office and undertaking his defense on the above mentioned plea of insanity. The possibilities for dramatic effects may be readily seen. While the principal plot is well worked out, some of the minor characters are poorly portrayed. The perennial Irish simpleton is there; and the gangster's "moll." "Dixie," is a hodgepodge of conflicting and meaningless character traits.—*D. F. M.*

SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

Social Thought and Action. By Rev. Albert Muntz, S.J. Published by B. Herder. viii -234 pages. Price, \$1.75.

Called by the author a Series of Social Sermons. A fairly accurate description,

except that the series is not a very close knit logical unity; and the sermons are much too sketchy both in religious, historical and philosophical content. They are rather *proofs* of what a finished work in this line should be. The author advances no greater claim for them however than the fact that this book constitutes a permanent record of stimulating thoughts uttered from pulpit and platform, which he has been requested to preserve and publish.

They are, indeed, stimulating, and though the student will find fault with them because of their brief, and sketchy character, these same qualities should recommend them to the popular reader, whose reading time is limited, and who has not had the good fortune to be deeply schooled in theology, philosophy or history.

The series illustrates the thesis that the Catholic Religion is a singularly valuable social asset. Is, has been and will be.

B. A. C.

The Best Gift. Mass Prayers for God's Children. By the Rev. L. A. Gales. Published by the Catechetical Guild, St. Paul, Minnesota. Price, 7 cents; \$4.00 per hundred.

This little booklet is one of a series that are being prepared by the Catechetical Guild of St. Paul and being distributed at cost price. With picture cuts on each page, appropriate prayers are offered for the child's attendance at Holy Mass, well chosen and well composed. We recommend the booklet to teachers and Catechism instructors.

Pastoral Medicine. By the Rev. Ludwig Ruland, D.D. Adapted into English by the Rev. T. A. Rattler, O.S.A. Edited by Arthur Preuss. Published by B. Herder. St. Louis. — 344 pages. Price \$3.00.

This is Volume I of a work entitled in the original German: Pastoral Theology. The second volume is promised for late 1934 or early 1935. The author, Dr. Ruland, holds the chair of Moral and Pastoral Theology at the University of Wurzburg (Germany), where he has taught these sciences for many years. This in itself would be a pledge of the excellence of this book, and would make

us grateful to translator and editor for making it accessible to all priests and clerical students in this country. It is a book for priests and clerical students.

How widely the term "medicine" is taken, may be seen even from the chapter headings: The Beginnings of Human Life, The Conditions of Good Health, Euphoria and Euphoric Luxuries (alcohol, tobacco, coffee, etc.), Life in Sickness and Health, Questions concerning both Moral Theology and Psychology, The Ethics of Sex Life.

Under each of these titles almost every problem that could suggest itself receives some notice and many very illuminating and practical suggestions are offered. Not everything will meet unanimous approval, but everything will prove an aid to reflection and further study.

On one point however, we consider his remarks less happy and his attitude not altogether acceptable. On page 30, he discusses the problem of a desperate case for mother and child ("very rare"), in which "modern medical science demands the dissection of the child in order to save the life of the mother." In his reply it seems to me, he underestimates, in the light of successive decisions, a Roman decision: "tuto doceri non posse." And the attitude taken on page 32 does not seem satisfactory when he says: "The priest must remember that he is not called to judge the methods used by the physician in individual cases, but must leave the decision to the latter. . . In extreme cases the physician will have to let his conscience guide him."

PAMPHLETS

The Christian Home: A Nation's Bulwark. By the Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph. D. An eloquent treatise on the necessity of home education in the truths of faith for children, and for mutual forbearance and patience between husband and wife. These are fundamental lessons that should be spread broadcast today.

Intellectuals Turn to Rome: Why? By the Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph.D. Recognized leaders in the intellectual world, G. K. Chesterton and Arnold Lunn have become converts to the Catholic faith in recent years. Here their stories are told, and in their own words they give the arguments that won them to the faith and should win many another.

Why Should We Give Thanks? By the Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph.D. Some reasons, mostly drawn from natural and national viewpoints, as to why Americans should enter into the spirit of Thanksgiving Day.

Does the Church Serve Humanity? By the Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph.D. An answer to the old objection against the Church that she has her head in the clouds, unmindful of the needs and sufferings of humanity, unconcerned about bettering social conditions in the world.

Does Evolution Dispense With God? By the Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph.D. This pamphlet supplies answers to the oft heard but unfounded statements that "evolution renders God unnecessary;" that "it contradicts the Bible story that the world and all living things were created in six days;" that "evolution is a capital illustration of the conflict now raging between religion and science." None of these statements is true, as Father O'Brien shows.

Training in Chastity. By the Rev. Felix M. Kirsch, O.M.Cap., Ph.D. This pamphlet is the reprint of an address delivered at the Cleveland Convention of the Catholic Conference on Family Life. It aims at convincing parents of the solemn duty that is theirs of learning when and how to impart necessary sex instruction to their children. There can be no doubt that its wise directions, if followed out, will save many a child from misfortune.

—D. F. M.

The following pamphlets come from the International Truth Society, 467 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Price 10 cents, \$4.00 per hundred.

Catholic Chivalry. By Augustine Studeny, O.S.B. This is the story of two modern young people, whose love, though it is made to stand the test of trial, is yet built up on the perennial ideals of chivalry and Christian purity. The understanding guidance of parents is of great help to them. An antidote against the spirit that inspires drinking, petting and dangerous amusements among youth in this neo-pagan modern world.

Summer Religion. By Edward Lodge Curran. A warm appeal for loyalty and fidelity to religious practices and ideals during the dangerous days of vacation, when so many are inclined to throw off all restraint.—D. F. M.



Catholic Events



Persons:

Alfred E. Smith, at the Catholic Charities' Conference held in Cincinnati on October 15, delivered an enthusiastic "sermon" on the Christian duty of charity. He began by quoting from the Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII to the effect that wage earners, helpless to defend themselves, need special care and protection from the government, and commented commendably on the efforts of the State to promote social justice in recent years. Nevertheless, he continued, private charity must continue to carry on its work in behalf of the poor. He quoted freely from the Gospels and based his final appeal on the Catholic's hope of salvation, made dependent by Christ on the fulfillment of works of charity.

The Rev. Robert J. White, national chaplain of the American Legion and professor of Law at the Catholic University of America, has been elected vice-president of the International Federation of World War Veterans' Societies, at the organization congress recently held in London.

The Rev. Dr. Francis J. Haas, director of the National Catholic School of Social Service, has been appointed labor representative on the new General Code Authority of the N.R.A. He is one of four men who compose the group, created as an interim body for industries that have not yet received a code.

Miss Anne Sarachon Hooley of Kansas City, Missouri, was re-elected president of the National Council of Catholic Women at the 14th annual Convention held in Washington, D. C. *Miss Katherine Williams* of Milwaukee was elected 1st vice-president; *Miss Mary Coughlin* of Denver, 2nd vice-president; *Mrs. Thos. P. Horrigan* of Meriden, Connecticut, 3rd vice-president; *Mrs. Thos. P. Ryan*, Minneapolis, treasurer, and *Mrs. Earl R. Reynolds* of Chicago, secretary.

Sixty-thousand veterans of the World War, representing 19 countries, gathered in pilgrimage at the miraculous shrine of the Mother of God in Lourdes, France, on October 10th, to pray for peace. Newspapers commented: "Never has Lourdes known a larger or more fervent crowd." The pilgrimage was sponsored by the French League of Priests' Veterans.

The Rev. John T. Zybur, Ph.D., internationally known writer and scholar, died October 7th in Colorado Springs. Dr. Zybur went to Colorado some years ago from the diocese of Cleveland because of ill health, and from a sick bed wrote many books, chiefly of a scholarly philosophical character. Perhaps the most noted is: "Present Day Thinkers and the New Scholasticism."

An official of the American Veterans' Association, in an article in the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* against further bonuses to World War Veterans, was recently quoted as saying: "We use the old Jesuitical argument that the end justifies the means." Both the Association and the *Eagle* were called to task by the New York Catholic News, reminded that the false principle had never been held or practiced by the Jesuits, belabored for allowing so ancient a libel to appear. Both apologized publicly.

Seventy thousand students, from 280 grammar schools, 48 high schools, six colleges and two universities, marched through the streets of Chicago to demonstrate that Catholic youth is determinedly behind the Legion of Decency in its

efforts to clean up the movies. Many notable Church and civic leaders, among them Archbishop McNicholas of Cincinnati, Bishop Sheil of Chicago, Governor Horner of Illinois, Mayor Kelly of Chicago, and representatives of the Army and Navy, reviewed the parade from a specially erected stand. Floats, decorated with the Papal colors, American flags, and the green and white of the Catholic Youth Organization, were part of the parade. Motorcycle police, Chicago's Black Horse Troop, Catholic Scout Troops and twenty-five uniformed bands also participated.

Places:

In *Buenos Aires, Argentina*, over a million persons, from all countries of the world, gathered for the closing ceremonies of the 32nd International Eucharistic Congress. The last day's ceremonies were marked by Pontifical High Mass sung by the Legate of the Pope, Cardinal Pacelli, at which half a million people sang the *Missa de Angelis*. In the afternoon a two-mile procession of the Blessed Sacrament was held along a Triumphant Way prepared through the streets of Buenos Aires, in which pilgrims from all nations took part.

In *New Orleans*, Xavier University, the only Catholic University for colored students in the United States, has a record enrollment this year of almost 500 day students and some hundreds more in extension courses.

In the *United States*, there was an average of one and two-thirds converts to the Catholic Church for every Catholic priest in the year 1933. The total number of converts was 49,181, and the number of priests, 26,619. The diocese of Salt Lake City, the smallest diocese in the number of priests and Catholic population, led in the number of converts per priest, showing an average of six and a quarter. Nashville was second with five and one-half, and Richmond third with a little better than five. However the lists of converts represent only baptized adults, and do not take account of the thousands of men and women brought back to the faith after having fallen away, or because they had no instruction in youth. The figures also represent only less than two converts per 1,000 lay Catholics, not very gratifying when it is realized that lay example is starting point of most conversions.

In the *United States*, there are 213 denominational groups of Christianity, 29 of which appeared in the last 10 years, while 17 disappeared during that time. The figures are taken from the book by H. Paul Douglass: "Church Unity Movements in the United States." Moreover, 50 of the 213 sects have less than 1,000 adult members; 48 have only between 5,000 and 10,000; half of the 213 have not more than 7,000 adult members each; while 24 denominations, with more than 200,000 members each, represent 91 per cent of all Christians in the United States. The fastest growing Protestant bodies today are the Latter Day Saints (Mormon), the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, and the Church of Christ, Scientist.

In *Mexico*, 10,000 persons, most of them women, children, students, and skilled and unskilled workers, assembled on Columbus Day in the Alameda in Mexico City in silent protest against the amendment of Article 3 of the Federal Constitution making education in Mexico socialistic. More than 400 police and 100 mounted gendarmes hurled tear-gas bombs and beat the marchers with sticks and pistol-butts and fired their guns into the air, while firemen turned hoses upon them. Despite this, the crowd broke through the police and by various routes arrived before the National Palace in the Plaza de Armas, singing the National Anthem throughout the disturbance. Ambulances had to pick up more than a hundred injured, and many others were treated in private homes. The police beat women and children without regard for age or condition.

L u c i d I n t e r v a l s

Tightwad: I didn't see you in church Sunday.

Keen: I presume not; I took up the collection.

*

A lady walked into a department store and said, "I want something in oil for the diningroom."

Salesman: What will it be? A landscape or a can of sardines?

*

Henry—Youah feet suttinly mus' be built lak camels.

Mose—Meanin' which?

Henry—Becuz they exist so powah-fuling widout watah.

*

Customer—Your dog seems very fond of watching you cut hair.

Barber—It ain't that; sometimes I snip off a bit of the customer's ear.

*

The schoolmistress was giving her class of young pupils a test on a recent natural history lesson.

"Now, Bobby Jones," she said, "tell me where the elephant is found."

The boy hesitated for a moment; then his face lit up.

"The elephant, teacher," he said, "is such a large animal it is scarcely ever lost."

*

Visitor—And how old are you, Bobbie?

Bobbie—I'm just at the awkward age.

Visitor—Really? And what do you call the awkward age?

Bobbie (bitterly)—I'm too old to cry an' too young to swear.

*

One day in New York an Irish policeman held up an irate motorist at an intersection. The motorist was especially irate because he protested that the policeman had just let a car through with three priests in it.

"But they were going on a sick call," explained the I. P.

"I'm a Catholic myself," rejoined the I. M. "Don't try to tell me three priests were going to one sick call."

"And did ye never hear of a solemn high sick call?" quoth the I. P., as he waved the I. M. on his way.

"Black chile, does you-all know what deceit am?"

"Suttinly I does, Beelzebub."

"Den what is it?"

"Well, when I leans ovah an' hears somethin' rip, I knows dat's de seat."

*

Lady—I am collecting funds for the suffering poor.

Man—Are you sure that they are really suffering?

Lady—Oh, yes; I go around and talk to them for hours at a time and I wish you could see how miserable they are.

*

Unto a little darkey

A-swimming in the Nile

Appeared quite unexpected

A hungry crocodile,

Who, with that chill politeness

That makes the warm blood freeze,

Remarked: "I'll take some dark meat, Without dressing, if you please."

*

Mr. Simms—Say do you know a fellow down your way with one leg named Wilson?

Mr. Dubb (doubtfully)—Well, now I'm not sure. What's the name of the other leg?

*

Tourist (to old colored woman at roadside)—"Auntie, can you tell me where this road goes?"

Woman—"Well, honey, hits goes fust one place and den another."

*

Little Luella had been brought up to be very dignified and ladylike. Her mother had taught her never to do anything that was common or low. Last summer her uncle took her to a circus, but she didn't have a very good time. When she got home her father asked her how she had enjoyed herself, and she replied: "It was all right except for the clowns. They were terribly funny. I could hardly keep from laughing at them."

*

"And how is the patient's temperature this morning?"

"That's not for me to say, Doctor; he died last night."



Redemptorist Scholarships

A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary in perpetuity.

Those who have given any contribution, great or small, to the burses shall have a share in perpetuity in the daily Masses, the daily Holy Communion, and the daily special prayers that shall be offered up by our professed Students for the founders and associate founders of Redemptorist Scholarships. It goes without saying that the donors are credited with their share of the works performed by the students after they have become priests.

November Burse List

Married Ladies, St. Louis (Rock Church)	\$2,674.52
Ven. Bishop Neumann Burse	\$4,514.00
Sarah C. Connelly	1.00 4,515.00
Sacred Heart Promoters' Burse	4,197.57
League Promoters of Rock Church	28.00 4,225.57
St. Joseph's Burse	1,709.00
St. Francis Assisi Burse	2,907.50
Little Flower Burse	2,971.50
St. Anne's Burse	652.00
St. Jude's Burse	265.00
St. Rita's Burse	506.00
St. Thomas Apostle Burse	211.00
St. Gerard's Burse	531.00
St. Peter's Burse	247.25
Holy Family Burse	26.50
St. Anthony's Burse	405.00
Mary Gockel Burse	12.00
Rev. Nicholas Franzen, C.Ss.R. Memorial Burse	1,089.73
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse	835.94
St. Alphonsus Burse	45.00

Contributions may be sent to:

VERY REV. FATHER SUPERIOR,
Box A,
Oconomowoc, Wis.

ENDORSED!

The following list of films has been compiled by the Motion Picture Bureau of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae and the Chicago Council of the Legion of Decency. Only unobjectionable films are listed, the first group as suitable for all, the second for mature audiences only.

FOR FAMILY AUDIENCES

Barretts of Wimpole Street (Excellent)	Men of Tomorrow
Border Menace	Menace
Broken Coin	Miss Iza
Cactus Kid	Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch
Caravan	Now and Forever
Cash	One Night of Love (Very Good)
Charlie Chan in London (Very Good)	Overnight
Chu Chin Chow (Excellent)	Paradise Valley
Count of Monte Cristo (Very Good)	Peck's Bad Boy (Very Good)
Death on the Diamond (Very Good)	Pretty Brunet (German)
Defense Rests	Rocky Rhodes (Good)
Dick Turpin (Good)	Servant's Entrance (Very Good)
End of the World	She Was a Lady
Fighting Through (Good)	Silver Bullet
First World War (Good)	Six Day Bike Race
Gift of Gab	Student Tour
Girl of the Limberlost (Good)	Tailspin Tommy
Happiness Ahead	That's a Good Girl
Have a Heart (Good)	Thunder Over Texas
Human Side	Trail Beyond (Good)
I'll Fix It	Treasure Island
Judge Priest (Good)	Venecian Nights
King Kelly of the U.S.A.	Wagon Wheels (Very Good)
King's Daughter	Wake Up and Dream (Good)
Lemon Drop Kid	Western Racketeers
Love Must Be Understood (German)	What Every Woman Knows
Love Time	Young and Beautiful
Man from Hell (Good)	

FOR MATURE AUDIENCES

Against the Law	I Sell Anything
Bachelor Bait	Kansas City Princess
Belle of the Nineties	Ladies Should Listen
Blind Date	Lady by Choice
British Agent	Let's Try Again
Call It Luck	Man With Two Faces
Chained	Many Happy Returns
Cleopatra	Mystery of Mr. X
Congress Dances (Revived)	Outcast Lady
Crime Without Passion	Pursuit of Happiness
Dancing Lady (Revived)	Ready for Love
Dangerous Corner	Richest Girl in the World
Desirable (Very Good)	She Learned about Sailors
Dragon Murder Case	She Loved Me Not
Friends of Mr. Sweeney	There's Always Tomorrow (Very Good)
Gay Divorcee	Thin Man
Gift of Gab	Stamboul Quest
Girl in Danger	Wednesday's Child
Honorable Thief	We Live Again
I Believed in You	Within the Rock